

THE
Johnson Journal



Junior Issue

June, 1941

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

JUNIOR ISSUE, JUNE, 1941

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EDITORIAL



TOLERANCE

There is nothing more detrimental to the principles of democracy than the mule-headed individual who can see only his own point of view and will not even stop to consider the opinions of his fellowmen. We find this type of individual everywhere—in school, in politics, in organizations, etc. These obstinate self-centered characters generally try to monopolize all conversation and, like the propagandist, endeavor to force their ideas onto everyone they meet.

This egotism is like a contagious disease because when we find a person unwilling to consider our ideas, we also become resolute and will not listen to his. In this manner the germs of intolerance are spread. Therefore we should all at least try to intelligently understand both sides of every question.

Many of us, however, are unconsciously guilty of this offense, so consequently can do nothing to cure the disease. By doing a little research into our own lives many of us might discover that we are this type of person who forms an opinion and advocates it without looking at the other side of the question. The only way to cure this bad habit—for that is what it really is—is by sheer will power. Cure it we must, because it not only loses friends for us, but also narrows our point of view. In this present world of political and social upheaval, especially, we should strive in every way to be tolerant, intelligent and understanding of our neighbor's point of view.

Norman Andrew, '42

CHOOSING A VOCATION

In choosing a vocation there are several things to consider. First you must decide in what lines you are talented or interested. You can easily do this by considering your school marks and the ease with which you do your lessons. A person's hobbies are usually connected in some way with his talents, so a study of your hobbies may help with your decision. Second, you must make a complete investigation of schools which train you for the business which interests you. Find out the details about courses and then decide whether or not your circumstances will permit you to take such a course. After reading books about the vocation ask yourself, "Is the field broad? Is it overcrowded? Is there opportunity for advancement? Is the pay good?" When you can answer all these questions you will be able to choose your career.

Barbara Colebrooke, '42

WHY WE SHOULD BE PROUD OF AMERICA

America! To some of the people who were born here and who still live here it is just the name of the country in which they live. But to the people of conquered countries it is a paradise, a second heaven, that will always give them courage just as long as we keep the light of democracy burning in this, our country. The people of America, the citizens of this country, fail to appreciate this fact. They do not see that they have something to be proud of and a goal to work for, Freedom for All.

There are many rich men and women in totalitarian countries who would gladly exchange places with you, no matter who you are, people who wish to be free to talk, write and worship as their souls direct, not as their leader directs.

America from its birth as a free

nation in 1775 to this time has given security, freedom and comfort to all who are loyal to her. So you can see that citizenship in as great a country as ours is not something to be taken for granted, but something to cherish and to be proud of.

William Wilkinson, '44



LITERARY



THE SHOEMAKER

Tony was a short, fat, Italian shoemaker, who had kind, tired eyes behind horn-rimmed spectacles. For the past fourteen years he had been opening his workshop at eight o'clock in the morning and closing it at five o'clock in the evening. Although people thought Tony led a monotonous and dreary existence, he was really happy because he enjoyed his work. While fixing a pair of shabby brown and white shoes, he smiled thoughtfully to himself as he imagined what the owner was like. He was probably a high school boy who knew all the latest dance steps, for the heels and toes were scuffed. The vivid, red-plaid, knotty shoelaces revealed that he wore loud colors in a careless manner.

Now Tony glanced at the second shelf where a trim, smart pair of brown oxfords lay in a corner. The heels on these shoes were worn down but it was hardly noticeable. They belonged to a young secretary, who was neat and very likely wore immaculate collars and cuffs. The brown leather was highly polished and the laces were straight and smooth.

Next to these were two worn, black shoes, with the heels turned over

and two pitiful holes right through the bottom of the shoes. They belonged to a hard-working man who had a large family and preferred to see them have new shoes rather than have his own repaired.

A dainty pair of dancing slippers with glittering rhinestone buckles stood forlornly on the top shelf. The girl who had worn these slippers must be tiny, demure and very lovely. She probably looked angelic in a beautiful white net gown.

No, Tony did not lead a dull, dreary life, for he knew many people. Every pair of shoes was a new and interesting friend.

Barbara Dearden, '41

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS

"Dear, there's a letter for you on the table," said mother as Marge came in from school. Marge rushed to the table and opened the letter. It was an invitation to the church supper. One thing which she particularly disliked was the church supper, the main course invariably being beans.

Marge had a plan. She had been reading about this new medical craze, allergies. Yes, she must be allergic to beans. She would go to the supper as usual after sprinkling

red pepper quite freely on her handkerchief.

Attired in a new spring coat and Easter bonnet she gaily tripped forth, humming a tune. Everything happened as she had expected. After explaining to her hostess that she was allergic to beans she took a few sniffs from her red peppered handkerchief to make the case genuine. The reaction was terrific. Her sneezing spasm lasted about five minutes. She hastily excused herself from the supper table. Her last glance revealed a steaming dish of chicken pie sitting in the middle of the table.

Joan Fitzgerald, '44

AIR RAID

The rising moon stole quietly through the large window and played lightly over the tiny figure of a sleeping child. The soft, regular breathing, broken once in a while by a light sigh, was the only sound heard.

Suddenly through the night came the ominous sound of deep-throated planes, the tearing, screaming whines as the imprisoned bombs were released—then rapidly the answering reply of the anti-aircraft. Screaming, hurling, and whirling enough to uproot the whole universe. Through the window came the red glare of nearby fires started from incendiary bombs and the air was thick with powder, smoke, falling mortar, and cries of anguish.

At the first drone of the motors the little boy had stirred and then sat up. "Mummy! Mummy, where are you?" As no answer came, his white-clad figure hopped out of bed and, with no sense of fear, walked quietly across the room and tugged open the door. A little more frightened now, he ran to where he knew

her bedroom to be. As he opened the door, he saw his mother start out of bed, her arms outstretched welcoming him. A great gladness filled his heart, nearly enough to smother him. He had known she'd be there. Then suddenly a huge bomb found its mark, and as it did part of the room disappeared with it!

"Mummy! Mummy!" They found him; a tiny bedraggled figure, tears streaming down his grimy face, a half hour after the "all clear" signal had been sounded, the tiny fingers crushed and bleeding from the hopeless task of digging the debris away.

Some kind soul led him quietly away, back to his room, for there was no other place for him. His lackluster eyes looked dazedly out of the window, as the sun rose scarlet red, and the deep blue sky looked washed clean with hues of pink and gold, and the promise of eternity.

Madeline Cashman, '41

A MOTOR BOAT

Stretched out on the shore, I gazed dreamily across the cool expanse of lake and wondered at its peacefulness. Here, if nowhere else, one might find silence. But no, there was no silence. Would not complete silence be more disturbing than clamor, for silence is of the dead, not the living? Would not a philosopher be awakened from even his deepest reverie by the sudden cessation of noise? Would not any of us, no matter how deep our concentration, how abstract our soliloquy, be jolted into wonder and fear at a pause in sound?

There was no noise, yet there was a sound. A faint but insistent murmur, a medley of many sounds, pushed itself into my consciousness, challenging me to seek out its char-

acter—the gentle lapping of the water on the sand, the light rustle of leaves, the passing traffic on the opposite shore, the distant noises of other humans. How wonderfully combined were these waves of sound of both nature and civilization. What a beautiful melody they sang to all who cared to listen.

Idle questions penetrated my mind. Does the sky reflect the lake, or the lake the sky? Do clouds . . .

Suddenly my thoughts were cast miles from me. I half arose, obeying a momentary impulse of fear. What was that tornado, that onslaught of sound tearing at each and every part of me? There, across the lake, came a motorboat whose every revolution seemed twice as loud as the preceding one. It sped past me, the tumult of its motor died away, and it was gone, leaving only a foaming wave for remembrance.

Virginia Wood, '43

MY DOLL

My doll, my large, uncared for doll,
Was once a doll of class;
She wore the very best of clothes
And had large eyes of glass.

She sat upon her pedestal
Beside the bedroom door,
Staring blankly into space—
She looked like quite a bore.

But I always did have fun with her—
Her looks were quite deceiving,
And I dressed her in her coat of fur
When guests she was receiving.

But now her eyes have fallen out
And her hair is all in strings,
And looking at the pedestal
It, to me, memories brings.

Though she is safely tucked away
In the attic trunk, so small,
And I never even look at her,
My poor, forgotten doll.

Bernice Lefebvre, '43

FISHING

Beneath the granite railroad bridge
There runs a babbling stream,
And from the depths the trout leap
up

For I see them flash and gleam.

I bait my hook and cast my line
And then I sit and wait,
The fish are jumping all around
But never at my bait.

Perley Rea, '43

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

A bell clanged. The low murmur of feet and the chattering of many young voices rose. Suddenly they appeared from around a corner. A tall, attractive blond girl, heavily rouged and lip-sticked, walked in the center of a small group. She, without doubt, was the main force of the group. Her satellites were all one type. The girls' heels were too high, their dresses too short, and their faces were completely covered with a mask of rouge, lipstick and powder. The boys' pants were too short and too tight at the ankles, and too high at the waist. They all dressed in the height of fashion but were just too conspicuous to be called well dressed.

The blond girl slowly turned her head and looked around as though searching for someone.

"Jimmie, be a darling and see if you can get today's French from Polly Parker. She always has hers done. Tell her that I want it and she'll give it to you."

As the boy went off she said to the girl by her side, "I certainly would never pass French if it wasn't for her. Why I can wind her around my little finger and she doesn't know the difference."

The girl giggled appreciatively and said, "Oh, Sylvia, you could do it if you really wanted to."

In another part of the building was Polly Parker, likewise surrounded by people. Polly was slight, with curly brown hair and snapping black eyes. She was a lively, animated person with a friendly smile.

"Oh, oh, here comes one of Sylvia's sidekicks. What'll you bet that he wants my French for Syl-vee-aaa," said Polly.

"Don't you give it to him. Let Silly do her own French for a change. I can't see why you let her take it anyway," protested Gen, one of Polly's dearest friends.

"She's a good sort at heart," defended Polly.

"Yes, but where is her heart?" asked Gen.

"She has the grandest mother and father and they'd be terribly disappointed if she flunked her French."

"She gives me a pain. Every time she asks to leave the room she's out for about the whole period and she just leaves during certain periods. Did you ever notice that?" asked Gen.

"Yes, I've noticed it. She oughtn't do that so often," remarked Polly, thoughtfully. "Well, Jimmie, I suppose that Sylvia wants my French again. Tell her that this is the last time that I'm going to let her have it. It's about time that she did a little of her own French. If she doesn't she'll never be able to pass her six weeks' test."

"Now, don't you start worrying about little Sylvia. She can pass any test without doing any work. Anyway there's no sense in her staying in nights when you'll have the work for her," airily remarked Jimmie, with a slight sneer.

There was the sound of rushing feet and a tousled red-haired boy flung himself into the middle of the group crying, "Polly, oh, Polly.

Where is that sister of mine? Never can find her when I want her. Oh, there you are. Have you seen the notice on the bulletin board?"

"What is it, Bill? Tell us."

"You all have two feet. Why don't you walk down and find out for yourselves, seein' as you're so interested?"

On the bulletin board was a large notice. They couldn't see it at first because of the crowd around it, but they could hear the whistles and the exclamations of surprise from the ones that could see it.

"NOTICE

"There have been a number of valuable articles stolen from the girls' locker room. If anyone has any information as to who the thief may be, he will please report it to the office. If any more articles are stolen we shall be obliged to call in the police, as it has gone entirely too far for the school to handle."

"The police! Wow! That's going pretty far. Do you know of anything that has been stolen?" queried one boy.

"Yes," replied a girl. "I left two dollars in my locker in the morning. When I came to get it, it was gone."

"And I put my watch in my locker during my gym period. When I came back it was gone," said another girl.

"Has anything been stolen from the boys' lockers?"

"No, only from the girls'. Say, that must mean it's a girl. A boy would never dare go into the girls' lockers. There's almost always someone in there. But a girl would never be noticed," excitedly put in Billy.

"Well, well, if it isn't Sherlock Parker," said Johnny, another one of Polly's friends. "Guaranteed to have a brainstorm every day. We're not guaranteeing what kind, though."

"Why don't you take a walk?"

muttered Billy, reddening from embarrassment. Laughing the group broke up as the bell rang to send them back to their classes.

It was a middle-sized high school in a middle-sized city. The citizens of Walker were proud of their modern high school and it was pointed out to all visitors. The city was situated along a pleasant river which was not used for industrial purposes. This was a residential rather than an industrial city. The streets were well planned. There were long, shady avenues with large white houses on either side of the streets. The men worked in the adjoining city, traveling back and forth by train. It was on one of the shady avenues that Polly lived. Her home was a large, rambling two-storied building shaded by fine old oaks and maples with a spacious green lawn surrounding the house. Beside her in a grey house resembling somewhat the house that Polly lived in, was Sylvia's house.

As Polly entered the yard several discordant noises floated out to her ear. She stopped and listened.

"If you can't take the daughter take the ool' ladee ooh."

This was Billy's favorite way of letting off excess steam. Another favorite of his was to come out with blood-curdling sentences during a serious conversation or when no one else was talking. Polly smiled as she let herself into the house.

"Mother," she called. "I'm home. I suppose that Billy has told you about the notice at school."

Her mother came into the room. She was a small red-headed woman with pleasant green eyes and a cheery smile.

"Yes," she said. "I think that it's a shame that someone has to spoil the reputation of the school by doing such a thing. It must have gone

pretty far to have to call in the police."

"Oh, they haven't called in the police yet. I think that that was put in to frighten whoever is doing it," said Polly.

"Just the same, it's a disgrace."

"Yes, and they found the body under the table and that's the reason the piano wasn't tuned so well because the violin was too high on the shelf," burst in Billy.

"Billy, how many times must I tell you not to use those terrible sentences," exclaimed his mother. "The next time that you do it I'll have to get your father to reason with you."

The next day in school Sylvia came running up to Polly with tears running down her cheeks.

"Polly, oh Polly," she sobbed. "Do you know what they're doing? They're saying that I stole those things just because I leave the room quite often. Maybe I shouldn't leave the room for no reason at all but just the same that's no reason why they have to accuse me."

"Now, now, Sylvia," soothed Polly. "If you didn't steal them, you have no need to worry."

"But think of the disgrace. Everybody will think that I did it and will talk about me."

"Now, don't worry. I'll help you. We'll see if we can't find out some more about when it happened. Why did they accuse you?" questioned Polly.

"It's like this. On Thursdays, the third period I always leave the room for quite a while. It seems that the watch was stolen during Betty's gym period on Thursday so everyone thinks that I must have had something to do with it."

"Why do you go out that special time?" asked Polly.

"It's Jimmie's gym period and you

know how easy it is to report to gym and then leave? Well, Jimmie reports to gym and then comes up to meet me. We talk on those backstairs that hardly anyone uses."

"That's a silly thing to do," remarked Polly. "Even if you didn't get caught you should have realized that although maybe the teachers don't see you, everyone else knows about it. How long do you think that you would have been able to keep that up before you would have gotten yourself a beautiful reputation?"

"Yes, I know. But it was such a poky old period. I'd nearly go crazy in there."

"Oh, so Sylvia has come off her high horse and is running to Polly to help her because she's a thief," remarked Jane Kehler. "Well, I always knew that a girl that thinks nothing of asking a boy that is with a girl to take her home would hardly limit herself to little things like that."

"Don't be an idiot, Jane," said Polly. "Just because Sylvia makes friends easily is no reason for you to go running around making such remarks."

The girl laughed shrilly and tossed her frizzy hair back in a shrug of defiance. She turned her back and minced along the corridor with an exaggerated walk, designed to catch the eyes of all that passed by.

"Oooh, that girl," muttered Sylvia between clenched teeth. "I'll make her sorry for that last remark if it's the last thing that I ever do. She must have been listening when I was called to the office. She was waiting outside. The old eavesdropper!"

Later on as Polly joined Gen, Gen remarked, "Well, so Sylvia comes running to you for help. Did she

really steal those things? I suppose that she got excused from those rooms just for a breath of fresh air."

"Now you leave Sylvia alone. She is rather silly, I'll admit, but she's not as bad as people think," said Polly.

"Say, what's Jane Kehler doing in Sylvia's locker?" asked Gen. "Why the nerve of her. Oh, Jane, I think that you've gotten into the wrong locker. That one's Sylvia's."

Jane flushed, turned quickly and walked off in the opposite direction without replying.

"Goodness, isn't she agreeable? I've a good mind to catch up with her and find out what she put in that locker," said Gen.

Later that day there was an announcement that several more articles had been stolen and that the police had decided to search all lockers. After the lockers had been searched a call came for Sylvia Hastings to report to the office immediately. Everyone turned to look at her and then began talking in an undertone.

Jane Kehler, with a smirk on her face, passed the remark, "Well, I guess now that there won't be anything else stolen."

In the office, Mr. Johnson, principal of the school, was sitting at his desk surrounded by several policemen. He looked up as Sylvia entered and motioned for her to sit down.

"Miss Hastings," he said, "I presume that you know what you have been called here for?"

"No, sir, I have no idea."

"Are you sure that you don't recognize any of these objects?"

He pushed forward several watches, bracelets, chains and some money.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I don't. If

you are implying that I'm the thief, why don't you come right out and say so? But as you seem unable to do so, I'll tell you in words of one syllable. No, I'm not the thief," heatedly remarked Sylvia.

"I am really sorry, Miss Hastings, but all the evidence points towards you. You were out of your room for great lengths of time on the days that these things were stolen. They were all found in your locker. You may go back to your class now. I'll inform you later what your punishment will be."

The next day in school, Sylvia came walking up to where Gen and Polly were standing.

"Well," she said. "I suppose that you won't speak to me now that I'm a thief. At least that's what Johnson says. They found the stolen things in my locker so that's enough evidence. Why, he knows that anyone could have put them there."

"We're awfully sorry about what happened, Sylvia," said Polly gently. "You really didn't steal them, did you?"

"Of course I did. Didn't Mr. Johnson say that all the evidence pointed towards me? Why who else could have done it?" cried Sylvia, with a slightly hysterical laugh.

"Calm down, Sylvia. Everything will be all right."

"Polly!"

"Goodness, Gen, don't blow up right in my ear. What do you want?" exclaimed Polly.

"Sylvia mentioned something about anyone's being able to put things into her locker. It all fits. Don't you see? Jane Kehler was in Sylvia's locker and don't you remember how quickly she walked off?" excitedly sputtered Gen.

"Goodness, how you talk, Gen.

You hardly think that it was Jane that stole them, do you? Anyway why should she put them in Sylvia's locker? They wouldn't do Jane any good there."

"Jane Kehler in my locker," exploded Sylvia. "Why I'll wring her neck. That's just what happened. She stole those things and put them in my locker, in hopes that they would be found there. She hates me because I wouldn't let her join our club one time when she wanted to."

"Even if she did put those things in that you say that she did, how are you going to prove that she did?" reasoned Polly.

"Let's all go and tell Mr. Johnson. He brought me in and questioned me when I was only suspected so why shouldn't he question her? She's so weak-kneed that if she did it she'll break down and confess," said Sylvia.

When the three girls walked into Mr. Johnson's office he inquired as to what they wanted of him. Sylvia blurted out her story and pleaded with him to at least question Jane about her being in Sylvia's locker.

"Can you girls really swear to it that she was in Miss Hastings' locker?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"Oh, yes," said Gen. "I remember I was going to catch up with her and ask her what she was putting in or taking out of Sylvia's locker. I wasn't sure what she was doing, but I'm pretty sure now."

Mr. Johnson dismissed them and sent a call for Jane Kehler to come to the office. When she arrived there he said, "Miss Kehler, have you been in Miss Hastings' locker lately?"

She looked rather startled and said, "No, I have not."

"That's rather strange, when two

trustworthy girls swear that they saw you in her locker."

"Oh, so those two snoops did report me after all?" remarked Jane. "Well, so what if I was? After all, she's a thief. I don't see why you let her remain in school."

"I didn't ask you for your opinion, Miss Kehler. The thing that is most important to me now is the fact that you lied to me now when I asked you a question. Were you afraid of being justly accused of stealing those goods?"

"I suppose that you think that I put those things in her locker?" insolently asked Jane.

"You put those things in her locker?" queried Mr. Johnson. "How did you know that anything was found in her locker? Only a very few people knew that. You weren't one of them. How did you know all this unless you put them there yourself?"

"I-I didn't put them in her locker. Why should I put them in her locker?"

"You were seen putting them in."

"I was seen," whispered Jane, growing white. "Oh-oh, I couldn't have been. No one was around. I'm positive of it."

"So, you admit that you stole those things and put them in Sylvia Hastings' locker so that she would be blamed for it."

"Yes, I stole them," admitted Jane, dissolving into tears. "I hate her—always so sure of herself—always having everything her own way. I wanted to make her sorry for all the times that she's left me out of things. Oooh, I'm glad that I did it."

Barbara Bannan, '42

SENSE IMPRESSIONS

As he trudged along the old dirt road, dust rose in hot, dry clouds, stifling him until his throat was parched and his lips so cracked and dried they bled. The sun was like a searing blast beating down on his back in a cruel inhuman way until hot salty sweat ran down his smooth brow in small rivulets. The shrill, high pitched cry of a locust screamed out from the barren fields and seemed to penetrate his head like a red hot iron. He paused in his walk to sit down beneath the branches of a tall elm and inhale the sweet wild odor of growing plants. A small sparkling brook bubbled beneath its branches. He knelt down on the soft mossy bank and drank deeply of the cool icy liquid.

Herbert Sperry, '44

FRINGED GENTIAN

In the faintly frosted air
Of September cool and fair,
Purple fairies shine at you,
Lovely in the crystal dew.

In the woodland swamps it grows
Just before the winter snows,
Decking out the woody places
With the last of Autumn's graces.

Hiding in a shady nook
And reflected in the brook,
Autumn has reserved her best
Final show before her rest.

With your fringed empurpled bloom
You dispel the chilly gloom
Through the winter we'll remember
This last beauty of September.

Kenneth Carvell, '43

WLAW

Every day WLAW programs are put on the air. When you go into the studios you find the rooms all sound-proof. Inside are hardwood floors and usually the men who appear and

disappear from the rooms wear thick sponge soled shoes so as not to make any noise. Right off this room is the control room. This is really the whole broadcasting station in itself. This room has gadgets which put you on and take you from the air. From there they can see everything which goes on in the studio.

Usually before a program is put on the air, it is rehearsed so the people in the control room can hear and improve the program. There is more than one studio. While one is

on the air another one in another room is in practice. As you come out of the studio and look to your right you see another section enclosed in glass. This is where they have the music recordings of popular songs.

When a program is in progress a red light appears on the outside of the studio door. Inside there is an electric clock which is noiseless. At the proper time the control room is signaled and you are off the air. I think this is a very interesting place.

Dorothy McKinnon, '42



CHATTER



\$400 SCHOLARSHIP

Joseph Finneran has been awarded the Harvard Club of Andover scholarship for Harvard next year. The award was made on the basis of scholarship and character.

POSTER CONTEST

The following people won in the poster contest sponsored in this school by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

First Prize Medals: Vivian Campbell, Barbara Dandeneau, Winifred Sherlock.

Second Prize Medals: Betty Hainsworth, Dorothy Harris, Louise Lafond.

Honorable Mention, with a year's subscription to society magazine: William Bartley, Edward McCallion, Carolyn Welch, Roger Wentworth.

PROM

The senior and junior classes voted unanimously to have a prom instead of a banquet. Miss Buckley was appointed faculty adviser to the fol-

lowing committee: Robert Sullivan, Ernest Summers, Barbara Dearden, William Lafond, Charlotte Kruschwitz, Edith Callard, Beatrice Britton, John Martin, Frank Stewart.

CLASS MARSHALS

Ernest Summers was elected class marshal to lead the seniors at the graduation exercises. The chorus will be led by Frank Stewart and John Martin of the junior class.

CLUB ACTIVITIES

The French Club went to Pops in Boston on Friday, May 23. They were accompanied by Miss Cook and Miss Neal.

The Basketball Club held a dance May 16. Bing Miller's nickelodeon was used for music.

PLAY REPORT

The expenditures and receipts for the play are as follows:

Gross receipts	\$207.40
Expenditures	101.23
Profit	<u>\$106.17</u>

TESTS

One day this term juniors were given an American history test and a mental test. The seniors took six tests in all, mental, natural science, arithmetic, social studies, literary comprehension, aptitude. The freshmen and sophomores had the day off.

DO YOU KNOW THEM?

Two people who stand outside Room 2 between 8:00 and 8:15?

A junior chemistry student who had his chemistry class at their wits' end trying to figure out a way to remove an ink spot from his bedroom wall, before he told them that he didn't live there any more?

The freshman girl who wears the labeled beer-jacket?

The senior boy who can't wait until graduation so that he can use his "list"?

ALUMNI NOTES

Doris Robinson, class of '40, and Lillian Polichnowski, class of '40, recently accepted positions at Davis and Furber.

Caroline Barker, class of '36, was elected Senior Class Marshal at Jackson College.

Milton P. Howard has passed C. A. A. examinations, and is now receiving flight instruction.

Among Johnson graduates who will receive college diplomas this June are:

Alison Pitkin—B. U. Graduate School of Social Service.

Mason Downing—M. I. T.

Caroline Barker—Jackson.

Paul Bixby—Tufts.

Isabel Phelan—Jackson.

Needham Brown—Lowell Textile.

John Chadwick—University of New Hampshire.

George Casserly—Boston College.

Marie Dolan—Lowell State Teachers' College.

Mildred Bara, class of '36, was a recent graduate at the Lawrence General Hospital.

Claire Lebel, class of '34, was recently married.

Hilda Binns, class of '39, is attending Lowell Teachers' College.

Ruth Derby, class of '39, is enjoying considerable success at Leland Powers School of Dramatics in Boston.

Thomas D. McKiernan, a junior at Boston University's C. L. A., is on the Dean's First List for outstanding scholarship during the first semester this year.

Corporal James Shaw of the Marines is stationed at Quantico, Va.

CLASS REUNION

The class of '40 held a reunion March 2 at Stevens Hall. Robert Hall and James Flanagan were co-chairmen, with Eva Hoel acting as assistant adviser. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson were present as guests. Music for dancing was furnished by the nickelodeon. Delicious refreshments were served and needless to say, all had a wonderful time.

A PLEA

Summer skies are bright,
Winter skies are grey.
Gloomy skies will hang o'er me,
If I don't get an A.

For Ma will say, "No money,"
And Pa will say, "No car,"
And you can't expect your girl to
walk,
The way conditions are.

For walking isn't stylish,
And bus fare isn't hay.
So can't you see, dear teacher,
How much I need an A?

Robert Kimel, '41



SPORTS



BASEBALL

Johnson High opened the baseball season with bright prospects, with Summers, Routhier, Lafond, Sullivan, McCubbin, Keating and Stewart, all members of last year's team, reporting again this year.

Johnson whipped Brooks in the opening game by the score of 13 to 2 behind the four-hit pitching of Keating. Summers featured at bat with three hits.

Johnson won its second game by trouncing St. John's High of Danvers 16 to 4. Routhier featured at bat with four hits, while Joe Noone limited St. John's to five hits to turn in a very creditable performance.

Johnson had a bad day against Central Catholic, making 9 errors, which accounted for many of the 13 runs scored by Central Catholic; the final score was 13 to 2. One of the features of the game was the fact that Johnson had a total of 24 assists during the afternoon, which is probably a record in local high baseball.

Johnson lost its first league game to Chelmsford 5 to 2. Cochrane, veteran hurler, was on the slab for Chelmsford and was opposed by Harry McPherson, first twirler of Johnson. Each pitcher pitched well.

Johnson won its first league game from its rival Punchard, 13 to 6. Johnson made 15 hits against three Punchard pitchers, while Noone for Johnson was never in danger because of the heavy hitting of the Johnson boys.

Johnson nosed out St. John's by the score of 3 to 2 in their second engagement. Both teams got four

hits. The Johnson boys had to nip a last inning rally to take this game.

Johnson lost their second league game to Methuen, 8 to 5. Johnson should have won this game but showed little pep.

Johnson overwhelmed its rival Punchard for the second time this season, 31 to 7. Johnson banged out 25 hits in a weird exhibition.

Methuen beat Johnson for the third time 9 to 4. Ward started for Johnson, but McPherson took over in the eighth inning and finished the game.

Johnson easily defeated Punchard for the third time 19 to 12. Johnson triumphed in the first game 13 to 6, and in the second 31 to 7. Johnson made a total of 63 to 25 for the series.

Chelmsford beat Johnson for the second time this year 11 to 1. It was Johnson's final game. Chelmsford won the Merrimack Valley Suburban League.

Johnson beat Brooks for the second time this year by the score of 11 to 6. Charlie McKinnon pitched his first game for Johnson and went the route.

Johnson broke Central Catholic's winning streak at seven games by the score of 11 to 6. Harry McPherson, a freshman, twirled for Johnson. Harry shows much promise.

Methuen defeated Johnson 13 to 3, to sweep a two-game series. Keating started the flinging for Johnson. Ward finished the game and held Methuen to one hit.

The Browns arrived home from their vacation brag and baggage.

—Reader's Digest

BASEBALL HISTORY

Although the beginning of baseball is not exactly known, it is generally believed to have its starting from the English game of rounders. The first appearance of baseball in America was in Canada and Philadelphia where it received the name of town ball. The first real baseball game was played in Cooperstown, New York. The man who was the founder of this game and baseball was Abner Doubleday, a former general in the United States Army.

The rules of baseball have changed as the methods of playing change. The shape of the field, diamond, was established by Mr. Doubleday. The first rules of the game were established by the Knickerbocker Club in 1845, and the rules until 1930 were along the same line.

The first amateur club was the Knickerbocker Club of New York. The other early clubs which followed this club were from New York, New Jersey, Brooklyn and Philadelphia. These clubs followed the rules which the Knickerbocker Club did.

The National League was formed in 1871 and was used mainly to settle disputes which arose. In 1876 a new league was formed with eight new teams. Hulbert and Spalding were the founders of this new league and Hulbert was made the president of this league. This league has sometimes been called the Senior Major League.

The American League was first established in 1889 after a dispute with the National League. A name which is generally connected with the American League is that of Johnson, the first president and founder. This league has sometimes been called the Junior Major League. Johnson, who was very interested in the Western League, changed this league into the

American League. The two leagues constantly quarreled until 1921.

In 1874 some teams of the National League traveled to England and introduced American baseball in England. The Red Stockings, the first professional club, was the first to go on the road. This club had the record for being undefeated for two years. The Civil War had a great effect on baseball. Baseball died during this time in the cities and towns but the soldiers in the army kept it alive. Landis is the first commissioner of baseball and has acted as a judge to settle disputes since 1921. He has huge powers such as laying fines and electing the league presidents. There have been many changes in baseball such as the pitcher's delivery.

Howard Clarkson, '42

EXCHANGES

The Meteor—Grand issue. Your humor page is tops.

Record—Best wishes on your fiftieth birthday. May you have fifty more. Anniversary issue was excellent.

Lasell Leaves—Good short stories and verse, but how about some humor?

The Cub, Manning H. S.
Ipswich, Mass.

We always enjoy reading *The Cub*. Your diary is better with every issue. We are delighted to get your magazine each month. You still have a few typographical errors.

The Killonian, Killingly H. S.
Danielson, Conn.

Hurray for your good ideas, *The Alleycat* and *The Inquiring Reporter*. Do you mind if we borrow?

HOWLERS

What did one broom say to the other broom?

We're broom mates. We sweep together.—*Reader's Digest.*

A freckled boy with air-cooled teeth.—*Reader's Digest.*

Little Martha had gone to church and upon arriving home her mother asked her how she had liked the singing.

"Oh, it was so bad," she said, "that when they prayed they said, 'Lord, have mercy on us miserable singers.'"—*Current Events.*

Mrs. Smith (hearing a crash in the kitchen): More dishes, Arlene?
Arlene: No, Mother, less.

—*Current Events*

Miss Buckley: Why do moths make holes in rugs?

Ethel Lewis: To see the floor show.

Miss Green: Do you like algebra, Wainwright?

Bobby Wainwright: Oh yes, I'm stuck on every example.

—*Current Events*

Miss Chapman: What do you know about vacuum?

Sam Bardsley: Why, ar-a-um, I have it in my head, but I just can't get it out.—*Lawrencian.*

Dan McCarthy: You are the breath of my life.

Babs Colebrooke: Then hold your breath.

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